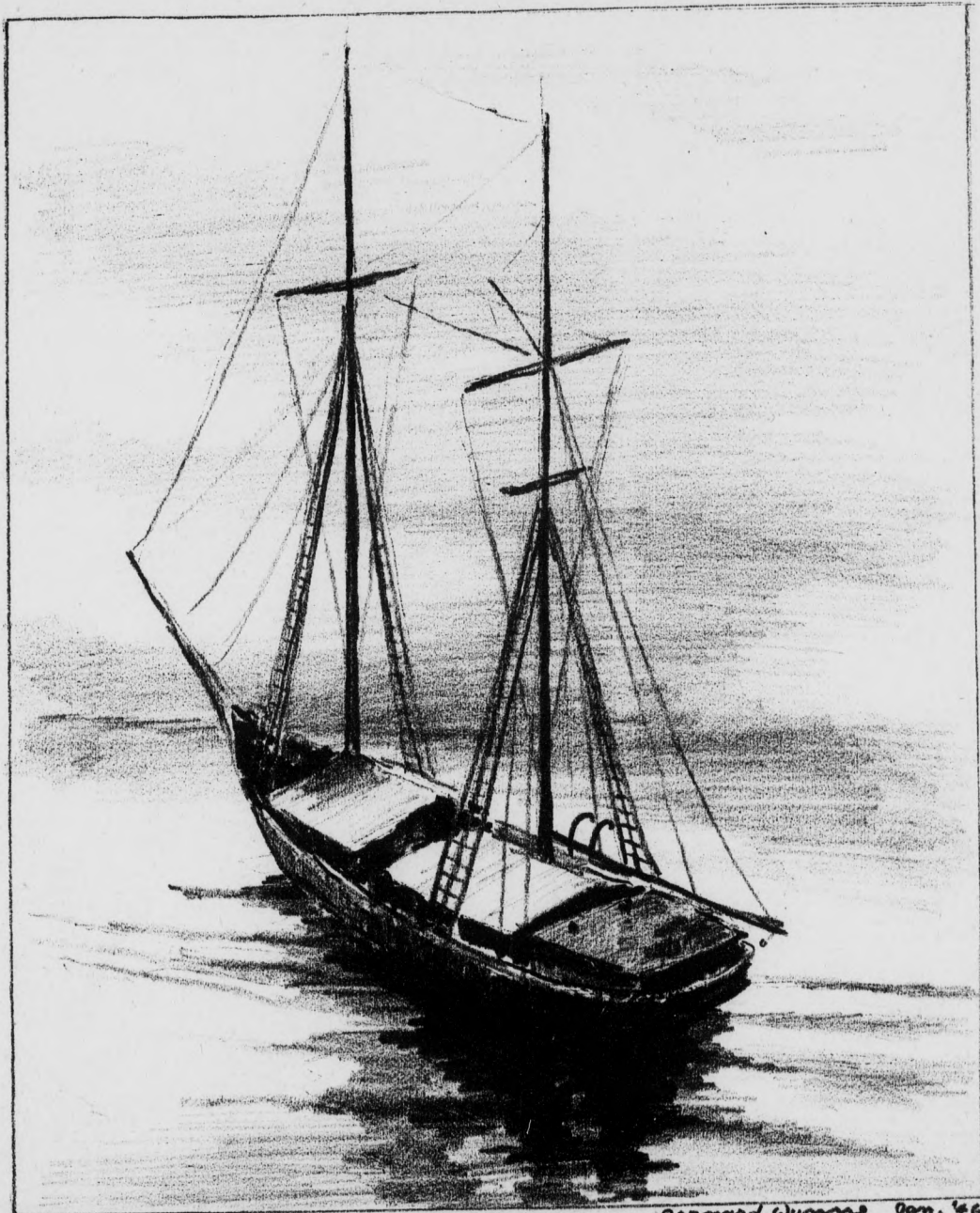


HIGH LIGHTS



Done at Humboldt Bay, New Guinea

Bernard Wynne Jan. '46

SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



GEORGE MORGRIDGE
PRINTING
473 E. GREEN ST. PASADENA

HAWKS
SCREW PRODUCTS



WISTARIA CLEANERS
47 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD. CUSTER 5-3339



SIERRA MADRE SAVINGS BANK

HIGH LIGHTS

JANUARY 1946

Volume 7 Number 1

C O N T E N T S

COMPARATIVES . . . Essay	2
GUILD MEETINGS	3
horace the guild mouse	4
ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUEING - II	
. . . . Essay Zoe Colt	5
"MAN BECOMES AN ARTIST"	6
ARIA DI CAPRI - V Edward Lloyd Voorhees	7 ✓
WE GO RANCHING . . Story . Robert H. McCullagh	9

ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing is a lithograph, from a sketch from the Southwest Pacific, the work of Bernard Wynne. The sketches for the advertising are the work of Alfred James Dewey. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese, commercial artist; while the printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at Pasadena, California.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Leslie B. Wynne	Bill Burke	Alfred J. Dewey
Dottie Burke, Advertising		Bernard Wynne

HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.

COMPARATIVES

Why should there be anything evil under the sun? But if all were to be perfect to begin with, how then could we grow and in what way could we improve? No course would be possible to us but one of deterioration, no way left open to us in any direction but down. What is good and what is evil; what are perfection and imperfection? It is an old saying that "one man's meat is another man's poison," a recognition long ago of the fact that good and evil are but comparative, the two ends of the one and the same. It all depends upon the angle from which our viewpoint is taken. As for imperfection, it has been thought the badge of evil. Say rather that it is the badge of the normal, the badge of life.

Why should there be death and sickness in all the world? Why should there be poverty, frustration or disappointment? Are there any comparatives here? But nature does not know our measure of values. She sees neither good nor evil, nothing but the One in its multiple facets; in space and time, nothing but the Whole in its finite parts. There is sickness and there is death because life is multiple and therefore finite, and because it is finite, our grasp is soon filled. If only our grasp were infinite, we would all be standing upon the pinnacles in everything, and in everything, too, in all progress, in ambition, in desire, there would be an end. Pluck the apple from the tree in its five dimensions: there is the blemish of blight upon its surface and a worm at its core. But how if, in the scheme of longer range, the blight and the worm are of more value than the fruit?

Why should there be sorrow, the deepening of shadow across the path? Why should there be parting, estrangement or loneliness? Because life is multiple, it must also be individual. Each one of us is a little world unto himself. Superficially, through the five senses, we contact others as with radio and radar from ship to shore. Skin-deep only, we touch our fellow men; there is no going deeper into those recesses and spaces of the inner man that are as deep and as wide as the interstellar voids. Within these recesses there are many hidden matters. We cannot reveal them even if we would, for beneath the surface we are all dumb, often elusive and secretive as well. We cannot understand nor express ourselves. How then can we hope to understand others? We are born lonely, to isolation more and more with age, for the young alone live with the present but the old more and more with the past. The young child, indeed, lives so intensely in the present, so vividly from

day to day in anticipation, that he may almost be said to live in the future; but with middle age there is a glancing backward and a hesitation, while with old age there is an actual retracing of steps; for the spirit of man is ageless, but of one period and place; it remains drawn to the realm of youth while the body grows old with time. How then can there be any certainty before us more than a parting, and a wider parting, into the sealed and forgotten, a moving away?

Why should there be crime abroad and in all the corners of the land? Why should there be greed, hatred and intolerance? Can we set these evils, too, against the norm? But what has nature to do with man-made perversities and their correctives? Nature has laws of her own that no one breaks without punishment, that take no cognizance of man-made moralities or of man-made codes. Moralities, too, are but comparative, and codes, from Hammurabi to Napoleon, were made to be broken, emended and cast aside interminably for the more enlightened and the humane.

Has evil come into the world because man has fallen? But man has not fallen, he has arisen. The one fault to be found with him is that he hasn't risen high enough. It is not that man is so bad, but that he is so much better, slowly but constantly better; than once he was. In the days of Torquemada, what Hitler did would not have shocked the world so much; in the days of the Caesars, it would scarcely have shocked it at all; while, in the days of the Pharaohs or the Assyrian kings, it would have been considered quite the normal thing. Viewed from either side, while some men professing to be civilized are still barbarous or even savage, most of us have climbed to a slightly higher plane.

L. B. W.

GUILD MEETINGS

At the next meeting of the Guild, to be held on the evening of Friday, January 11, Mr. James Henzy will show kodachromes of scenes from New Guinea. Mr. Henzy was formerly with the American Armed Forces in the Southwest Pacific. A speaker is also expected, but this has not yet been arranged.

The December meeting was given over to the annual Christmas Party, with a homecoming celebration for the returning veterans.

horace

the guild mouse

Rachel sez 2 me as she reklined on2 her big chaste lownge bloing smoak wrings at the same old kobweb horace she sez we R going 2 selebrait the new years eve holdin on 2 the flowt. how we going 2 git down 2 the water plant sez i asking. o i have that awl fixed up sez rachel beeming as i have found a whole in the kushun of alfs kar and we will snake in when nobody aint there lookin espeshully sally who thinks we R a new sents, not me i sez on akkount of someone will sit on2 us and kill us ther is sew mutch junk in the back of that kar that nobody kant get in2 ther. yes sez she exsept as mebbe sum litel mice like us and think of awl the nise krums we will git down their. positiveillee no i sez 2 her positiveillee yes sez rachel positiveillee no i sez.

when as we got down their 2 the water plant what a kroud! we skampered up a ladder and set down on top whare we had a good vue when rachel got her the idea of as 2 what they wuz awl doing sew she ups and whispers un2 me horace lets us go down and stick sum flours on2 awl them litel old bear spots whereas they have missed it she sez U get sum of the gloc and we will wiggel threw the flours sew as nobody kant see us, she sed.

welsir we went awl over that flowt even up on2 the wings and the tale whare they wuz stickin flours. oncet at leest rachel fell offen the wings and landed rite on2 the back of mister kosmires nek but he thot as what it wuz only a flour what dropped offen sumthing and just shock his head and rachel gave a hop and landit in2 jogrippis lap but jo wuz bizy tawking 2 a prittie blond what wuz working besides him and didnt notise sew rachel skampered up on2 the top of the wings agin and karried on.

i gess as how the old nik wuz in2 that woman that nite as she frolicked and ran awl over the flowt. then what dew U think as what she ups and did. she kam up2 me and she sed 2 me horace we R going for 2 ride up thare on2 the wing with this hear paraid.

we R not i sez positiveillee no. we R yes sez rachel positiveillee yes. positiveillee no i sez positiveillee yes she sez positiveillee no i sez.

welsir when as that flowt starced owt in2 the dusk of the dawn just as i sed thare we wuz riding komfortablee on2 that thare wing. barbara didnt no it but 2 mouses we were sitting write over her left sholder awl up and through that thare paraid.

ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUEING - II

Zoe Colt

I turned my back on the swift and clanging traffic of the boulevard, and looked into the shop window. Through its dusty panes I caught intriguing glimpses of merchandise of long ago; and there, thrust through the old brass knocker on the door, was a note from my friend, the antique dealer: "Please go in and wait for me. Will be back soon."

I pressed down the latch and the door swung open, creaking noisily on its rusty hinges. When I had pushed it shut behind me, I breathed in, with ever fresh delight, the indefinable smell that permeates all antique shops: a smell compounded of dust and age and untold stories.

Coolness and soft light were all about me; and the mellowness of old wood, and the shining of old silver. There was the gleam of milk glass and of sandwich glass, of opalescent ware and of tall ruby-red goblets, of copper luster pitchers and of pewter plates.

A tall pewter candlestick rested upon a pine table whose honey-colored wood was mellow with the soft luster that only years can give. An old sofa invited me to rest, and I sank down upon it. Here is peace, I thought; and I looked about me, loving it all;

A child's low chair. A maple-framed mirror that gave back wavering reflections. An old cherry corner cupboard. A stately, square rosewood piano with silent yellowed keys. An intricately wrought sampler that read: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God..... Patience Adams. 1723."

The old room was very still. So pleasant and so tranquil.....

Suddenly I knew that I was not alone. I raised my head and saw them. There in the low chair sat a child, her small fingers weaving a needle in and out of a square of coarse linen. A patient, grave-eyed child, with long braids of fair hair, and small feet set decorously close together upon the floor. A woman stood before the maple-framed mirror, combing her long, straight brown hair. How old was she? I could not tell - both youth and age dwelt in her face. She was a plain woman, in a gray dress and a white kerchief; but strength and sweetness were in the firm mouth and in the steady eyes. Before the pine table an old man was seated. A white candle burned in the pewter candlestick and cast moving shadows over his white hair, his serene old

face, and the open Bible before him. Beside him, in a low rocker, an old woman was spinning. I could hear the whir of the spinning wheel, and I could hear the slow, deep voice of the old man as he read aloud, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want....."

The door of the shop swung open. It creaked noisily on its rusty hinges. The traffic's roar rushed into the room. "Are you there?" called my friend, the antique dealer, "Did it seem long - the waiting?"

"No, oh no," I said; "not long."

"MAN BECOMES AN ARTIST"

Color progressions believed by their creator to compete successfully with the brightest dress in any audience; a Navaho Indian's concept of cave men and primitive hunters, superb draftsmanship by a third artist - these are features of "Man Becomes an Artist," the new 24-panel exhibit prepared by the Laboratory of Anthropology at Santa Fe, New Mexico, and now on exhibition at the Southwest Museum where it will remain until the close of January. The public is invited.

Director Hodge anticipates an unusually large turnout for this event. The color used in the panels themselves - traditional Indian color for the most - is heightened considerably by the expert keying of the color in the frames by the artist Hilaire Hiler. Hiler, well-known as a painter, color expert, and author of "Why Abstract?", spent several weeks studying the relating of the various panels to one another in making the entire show a unit; yet each panel is complete in itself. When his use of the brilliant colors was questioned, Hiler commented, "Today we should think not only of what is hung on the gallery wall; we should consider the riot of color produced by modern fashions for women. If we don't watch out, this brilliant color away from the wall can completely subdue what we come to see. But it will take more than fashion designers have yet attempted, to destroy the progression of color used in "Man Becomes an Artist."

Visiting hours: 1 to 5 p.m. daily except Monday.

ARIA DI CAPRI - V

Edward Lloyd Voorhees

The Monsignore's Beehive - II

The varied life represented by the four floors of the Palazzo Ferraro caused its broad stone stairway, the various landings and the spacious vaulting above them to echo from dawn to midnight with the sounds of human movement. Yet one rarely saw the makers of these sounds, unless one were going in the opposite direction and happened to meet the person going out or before he or she disappeared through a door into the interior on one of the four floors. There was of course much activity and sound of voices inside the ground floor entrance where wine, food, and errand bearers arrived to service the Cafe Morgana. But that was usually quick, violent, and soon over. Perhaps because of the distance to the top of the building, those whose errands took them up to the little hotel on the fourth floor proceeded very slowly, stopped frequently and sometimes not without the audible sighs of fatigue. Errand bearers to the apartment of the Contessa on the second floor were infrequent, and one imagined, coming with muted feet and using soft voices at the door when it was opened, out of a fitting respect for the gentle, soft-spoken lady in black who lived there in retirement.

Different from all the other landings, however, was that of the third floor - the entrance to the apartment of the Monsignore. Here the activity seemed to be greater than that of all the other three combined. I think it was really Carmela who made it seem so - for she was the Generalissima in a household that functioned in many directions, seen and unseen, like a plexus of communicating wires, all over the Island. Of course, on major decisions it was the Monsignore who decided - or was led to believe that he decided. So he was the Generalissimo on matters pertaining to policy concerning the collections of rent on the properties scattered over the Island, who of the "worthy poor" were to receive remissions or releases from debts owed the family, and who were to receive alms and how much. For the Monsignore was something of a Paternal Despot, it was generally understood - though more paternal than despot.

It is doubtful that the joyous, frank, and yet tactful Carmela entered into these decisions of who, what, and of how much - except indirectly, by dropping a word of praise, caution, or disdain, at just the right moment, concerning the humble persons under discussion. For after all, Carmela's domain was the household, and it was her special

care and joy to see that all ran smoothly therein for the Monsignore's physical comfort and domestic peace of mind. To this end she kept Vittorio, the simple-minded and faithful man of all work, in a state of perpetual activity on his well-calloused bare feet - and in perpetual wonder and reverence that he himself was the One Chosen to bring the great tubs of water on his head from the cistern, the bundles of fire wood and baskets of charcoal, even the precious ice which melted away drop by drop in spite of all his panting haste - all for the Monsignore, from whom one word of praise was a more present comfort than were any chance hopes of future salvation. Carmela's power over everybody derived from her great smiling good nature, her zest for living and for working, and the fact that she drove herself harder than she drove anyone else - though nobody shirked in her presence. So even Margarita, the pretty serving maid, whose large dark eyes often wore a faraway expression in those days caused, it was said, by her quasi-secret admiration for a certain young member of the marines - even Margarita worked while she sang and dusted effectively the while she dreamed.

But if Carmela was the sturdy Generalissima of the household organization, and the Monsignore the Generalissimo of all decisions at the top, it was the Monsignore's unmarried sister, Signorina Maria, who was really the almost invisible, yet ever pervading, Chief of Staff. Signorina Maria knew what went on all over the Island, from Monte Tiberio on the northeast to Torre Damacuta on the southwest, and all between, including the progress on the long-building country villa that was some day to be the Monsignore's retreat at quiet Anacapri, away from all this international noise in the Piazza. A woman of remarkable strength of character and fineness, sensitivity and insight, Signorina Maria knew the Island, not from any idle curiosity but because it concerned the responsibility entailed by her family's fortune and prestige. So while the Monsignore gave lessons in four languages, for which he would consent to receive only free-will offerings for his "worthy poor," his good sister was here, there, and everywhere on quiet, inconspicuous errands of mercy and for information to help in the wise management of the family estate and the distribution of largess where it would do the most good consistent with the idea of Paternalism. And not only did Chief of Staff Signorina Maria keep all the various pins under surveillance on her campaign map for family security and holy charity; she also found time and eyes to become an observant and an effective painter in oils of favorite nooks and corners of the Island, which had now become her world.

WE GO RANCHING

Robert H. McCullagh

It all started in earnest when a thoughtless friend loaned us a book with the insidious title of "Three Acres and Liberty."

Of course we had many times talked of the freedom of life in the great open spaces. How pleasant it must be to have no boss but yourself; to be able to walk miles on your own land; nor just to stroll about your own back yard, as on a city lot.

So when we read this back to the land book it was like starting a prairie fire which, as usual, got beyond all control. Not that we really tried to put it out, nor had we a friend who knew enough to use a wet blanket or a wet burlap sack to squelch this sense-consuming fever of ours.

The resigning of a position and the dismantling of the home was done as quickly as though we were afraid all the open locations would be gone before we could get out to where, for some reason, farms change to ranches. And a ranch was what we wanted, no doubt about it. For, we argued, if three acres give one liberty, three hundred acres would absolutely guarantee it. What goofs we were!

We commented upon the ranches we could see from the train as the sun-baked prairies of several states sweltered by. It came to us that what we wanted was trees, and if ranches did not have any on them we would start the fashion and have trees all around. We couldn't see any sense in living on a piece of land where we would have to take a sun bath every day and where the only things to be seen, except a few fence posts, were colonies of prairie dogs and cactus plants.

After obtaining all the information the other passengers and train crew had of ranching and even extracting a running fire of information from the men who hurry along and tap the wheels of the cars whenever they get a chance, we decided to go up into the hills and look for our ranch there. We landed in the Black Hills town of Deadwood, the setting of more dime novels than any other town in the West.

After hanging around Deadwood for a week we left. No one there seemed to know anything about the ranching business. A town of about two hundred people was our next stop and because we took two rooms at the hotel and said we might stay a month, we immediately became well-known. This was the place, though. Three-fourths of the men on the street

wore chaps and it was a rare day that didn't show fifteen or twenty cow ponies hitched to the tie-rails in different sections of the main street.

The first sign that ranch rash had broken out on us was shown in our change of head gear. Mine was of about seven gallons capacity and my partner's, not my silent partner, either, was not much smaller. I had no trouble learning to wear my hat and it soon assumed a natural dip to the southeast, while several shallow gulches began to show up in its crown. My partner, however, had more trouble with hers. First, her style of hairdressing was changed, but with no luck. Then I timidly suggested what is known today as a bob. Never! But in the end the desire to wear the nifty Stetson with a rattlesnake band won.

We were not long in getting all the information on ranching we could absorb and an obliging land locator was soon driving us hither and yon to look at ranches.

At long last, after many trips, we found our dream ranch. It was only thirty-five miles from the Metropolis and twenty-five from the nearest tiny place on the railroad. Completely surrounded by pine and spruce, the ranch, on the divide of four beautiful streams, lay like a long green ribbon, running east and west between limestone rim-rocks which formed the north and the south lines, and it varied in width from only ten rods to a quarter of a mile. An open park, the ranchers call such a place. A more descriptive name could hardly be found.

We made our deal for the ranch, which included in all about one hundred head of beef cattle, some eight or ten horses and, what was unusual on a ranch, three or four milch cows. There were chickens, growing crops, implements and what not; we arranged to take possession on November first.

What a time we had making out a list of foodstuffs to carry us over the winter! How huge the quantities seemed! Yet we had to remember that there would be no corner store for us to run to. If your supply of anything gave out, you got along the best you could or else made at least a fifty mile drive to get it.

By the time we were to leave for the ranch we began to look the part. We were tanned from daily walks about the surrounding country. I wore my high-heeled boots, the worst in the world to walk in. My blue jean overalls were several sizes too big for me, with the legs turned up about eight inches in true rancher style. The reason for this surplus is to allow for shrinkage. A soft shirt open at the neck and a

pair of leather cuffs completed my outfit. Partner had overalls, too, but, as the town was hardly yet over the shock of her hair bobbing, she refrained from wearing them until we were ready to leave.

Did you ever drive a wagon loaded to the gunnels, and then some, with a ton and a half of grub and many other things, thirty miles or so over narrow mountain roads? No! Well, you've missed something; be darned glad you have.

The small town where we outfitted was about three thousand feet elevation and what puzzled me, the driver, was that we pulled up so many long, steep hills and went down just as many that were longer and steeper, and yet we gained four thousand feet more. The elevation of the ranch was near seven thousand feet. I still can't figure it.

What a drive! What mere babes in the woods we were! Partner described the scenery and pointed out beautiful bits of landscape as we traveled and even tried to show me several deer that bounded away as the wagon groaned along what was called a road. Did I see any of it? I did not! I was busy driving at the fast gait of three miles per hour. Never having driven a team before, nor ridden on a farm wagon, I had plenty to do besides looking at the scenery. As I think of it now, it is quite possible the wagon did not do all the groaning.

We had started about five in the morning and I had been told to let the team drink from several of the creeks we had to ford and, when we came to an opening between two immense rocks called Hell's Gate, I was to feed them their grain. I let the horses drink all right; I couldn't help myself. They would stop in the middle of a rushing mountain stream and take their own time about drinking while we were wondering what we would do if they decided not to go on. I couldn't pick out Hell's Gate; there were too many of them. Massive rocks, with big pines seemingly growing right out of them, towered above the road and they all looked to me as though they might be entrances to the place mentioned. We arrived, however, at a place where there was evidence that others had fed there, so I pulled up and took my first full breath since leaving town. Then came my first problem: did I have to unhitch the team in order to feed them? Maybe so, but not this time!

I had never hitched up a team in my life and I was not going to take any chances of not being able to get it fastened to the wagon. I fed them, however, by first tying the team securely to a tree and, with much hesitation, removed their bits and gave each horse his grain in a separate

box from which I had dumped the canned goods.

Gosh! how I hated to think of that long afternoon ahead of us! My arms already seemed about six inches longer than before we started, from trying, needlessly, to hold the team back on the long down grade of the numerous hills. But we must get through, and before dark. So off we started, and I saw just as much of the wonderful scenery all afternoon as I did in the morning. As I look back now and think what plumb tenderfeet we were, I wonder that the marshall of the town where we outfitted ever let us depart without a guide.

It was just time to light the lamp as we pulled up to the ranch, and the relief of the former owner was nothing as compared to our own. In his case, he was afraid we would not get there in time for him to take the opportunity to ride to town with a neighbor the next day. He had been kind enough to have our supper ready for us and what it lacked in variety it made up in quantity. Our whole meal was flapjacks and salt pork, helped down by regular bachelor coffee, the kind that not only would float an egg but possibly would have kept a horseshoe from sinking entirely. At that we did rather well with our victuals; eleven hours on the road gave one surely an appetite.

The ranch house had only two rooms. One was about twelve by sixteen feet, serving as a combined living room, dining room and kitchen; the other was a bedroom about seven by sixteen. There was only one bedstead, a homemade one at that. But the bachelor solved the problem by taking his blankets and making his bed in the hayloft.

Did we sleep? Yes, indeed; but I was still holding back that team down the long hills until I woke up. Our first morning sure was tough. We were so lame from the trip we creaked when we walked.

While Partner was trying her hand at getting breakfast on a wood-burning stove, the first she had ever seen, I was busy absorbing all I could about this ranch business from our new friend. I suppose that he told me plenty but I must have missed most of it, for, as time went on, I seemed never to have heard anything about the many things I had to go up against on that ranch. At the end of the first day I found there was more to ranching than strolling around viewing the great open spaces; so, at length, I called for help, and found it along the trail of my good neighbors; and finer people I have never known. Hardy, outspoken, accepting without complaint the meagerness of their living, they were loyal and bore with me, the dude rancher, with a patience akin to that they gave their children.



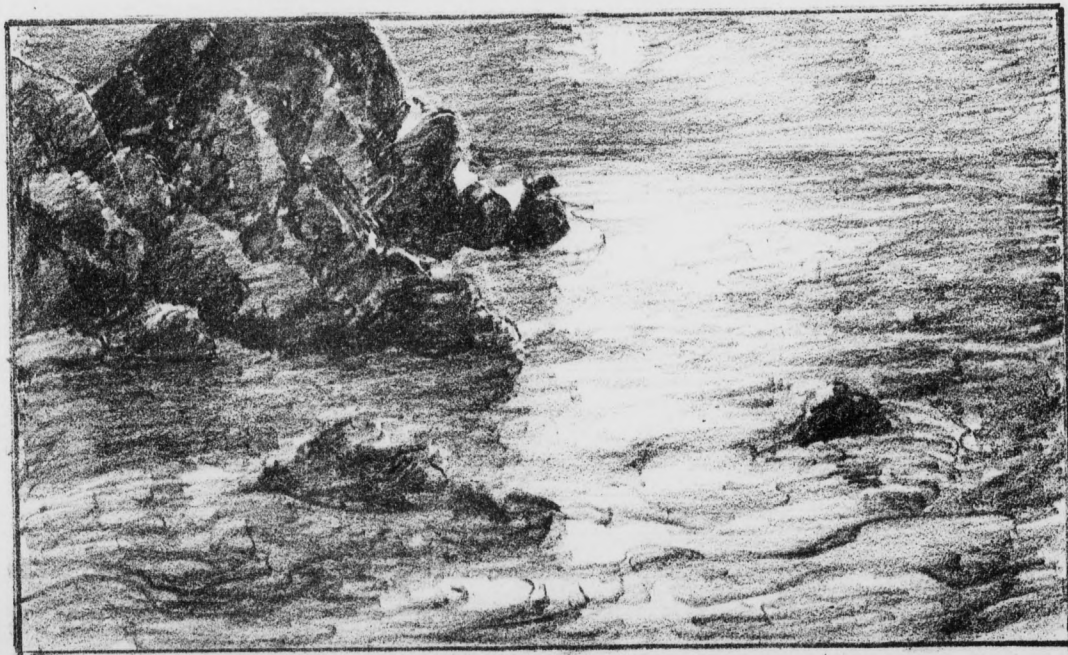
J. A. GADD
 TREE SPRAYING & SURGERY
 CUSTER 5-3313 and 5-6238



CLUB SIXTY
 GOOD FOOD + FINE DRINKS
 60 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD



CONSULT FANNIE C. DILLON
 COMPOSER + PIANIST + TEACHER
 429 STURTEVANT DR. PHONE 6139

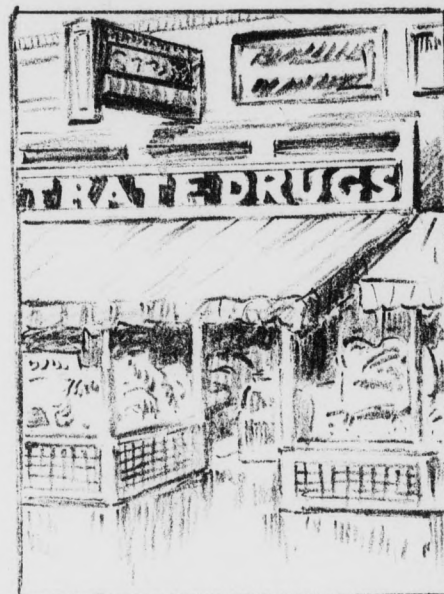


ROBERTS' MARKET ++ FINE FOOD PRODUCTS

Lewis Feloy Corti
58.W. MireMonte City



HAPPY'S
FINE LIQUORS
12 W. SIERRA MADRE BLVD



ROYAL DRUG STORE
PRESCRIPTIONS · COSMETICS
17 KERSTING COURT



BYRON HOPPER
JEWELRY · WATCHES
OPPOSITE P. E. STATION



GRANT CHAPEL
HARRY A. LANGE

